That alike both flames may shine,
Or else quite extinguish thine.

A Blush.

STay lusty blood, where canst thou seeke,
So blest a place? as in her cheeke?
How canst thou from that place retire,
Where beauty doth command desire?
But if thou canst not stay, then flow
Downe to her panting pappes below,
Flow like a deluge from her Breast
Where *Venus* Swans hath built their nest;
And so take glory to disdaine,
With *Azure* blew each swelling veine,
Then run boyling through each part,
Till thou hast warm'd her frozen heart;
If from love it would retire,
Martyr it with gentle fire:
And having search'd each secret place,
Fly thou backe into her face;
Where live blest in changing those,
White Lylly, to a Rose.

Orpheus Lute.

WHen *Orpheus* sweetly did complaine,
Vpon the Lute with heavie straine,
How his *Eurydices* was slaine?
The trees to heare
Obtaine an eare,
And after left it off againe,
At every stroake and every stay,
The boughes kept time, and nodding lay,
And listned, bended, all one way,
The Aspin Tree,
As well as he,
Began to shake and learne to play.
If wood could speake, a tree might heare,
If wood could sound true griefe to th'eare,
A tree might droppe an Amber teare:
If wood so well,
Could ring a knell,
The Cypresse might condole the Beere,
The standing Nobles of the Grove,
Hearing dead wood to speake and move,
The fatall Axe began to love,
Thy envied death,
That gave such breath,
As men alive doe Saints above.

POEMS William Shakespeare LONDON, 1640 THE WARNOCK LIBRARY Octavo